

From left to right, Miss Maurice Curtis, New York; Miss Abigail Curtis, New York; Miss Moses Long, Rockingham, N. Y.; Miss W. J. Henry, New York; Miss G. R. Rogers, Buffalo; Miss S. T. Catlett, Illinois.

HOLD FIVE FOR DEATH OF BOY IN FIGHT OVER CAT

Charged with the murder of John Scannell, seventeen years old, William Keminski was today held for the Grand Jury without bail by Judge Almy of the Cambridge District Court.

His four friends who, it is said, also took part in the slaying of the young man, were held as accessories before the fact. They are Charles Siveriak, James Waserliowski, Paul Sieblich and Joseph

Zalinski.

Karpfeld's

Plush Hats 1.49

Velvet Hats 98c
Velvet Tams 1.25
Felt Hats .89c
TRIMMED HATS
2.98 to 4.95

Wonderful for
Style and Value

65-67 SUMNER ST.

DON'T FORGET
tomorrow is Dr. Charles' Birthday

Clip the coupons in *The American*, and be sure to use them.

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he spear!
RIGLEY'S!"

Things and

THE
FLAVOR



Be

sure it's
GLEYS'S"
the spear

Freddy Film The Dingbat Family

Copyright, 1913, by International News Service

Nobody Loves an Umpire



Dauntless Durham of the U. S. A.

Copyright, 1913, International News Service

Desmond Is Some Poser



Polly and Her Pals

Copyright, 1913, by International News Service

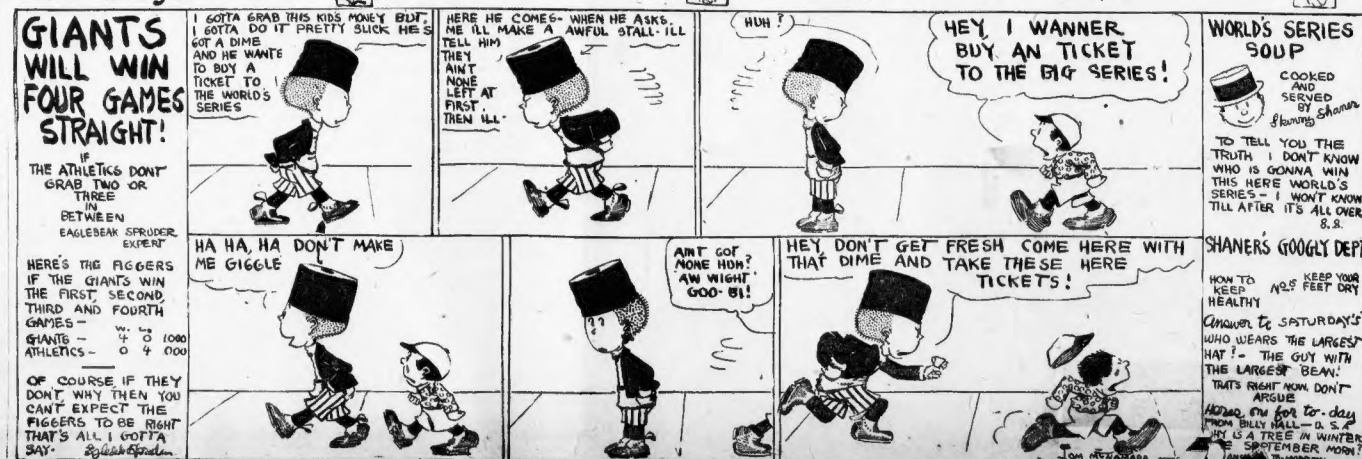
What Chance Has Poor Pa?



Us Boys

Registered United States Patent Office

Shrimp Isn't Taking Any Chances



Great Doings Coming

THE AMERICAN'S HOME PAGE

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DON'T BE TOO HUMBLE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a student and have been keeping company for the past three years. At times I feel as though I would be happier if I did not have to worry about the correct way in which my friend often has toward me, while at other times he is more than attentive. When there are other girls around he seems to forget me and give all attention to them, while again he will declare his love for me. I never expressed him for his actions.

YOU are wise not to show any outward recognition of his attention to other women, but at the same time do not let

him know that you are not interested in him. He must be brought to the realization of what he is making you suffer. You are as great a duty to yourself as you owe to him. Let him see through your actions that you do not feel it right that you should suffer such humiliation. Furthermore, your patience is appalling to him. Try indifference. This will bring a climax and he will look for an explanation, which you can then give him.

HE IS USURPING HIS RIGHTS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a student and have been going with a young man two years my senior for two years past. We are not engaged. He refuses to allow me to speak or go with any other young men friends. He says that he is acting right. "Please," he says, "if you consent to be his wife he has no right to ask me to associate with you. He is assuming the powers of ownership without any of its obligations."

TODAY'S INSTALMENT

Chapter, 191 to Edward & Sons

S O Phil wasn't a glum sort of person at the introduction of the beautiful woman, and he immediately resolved to see Mr. Abraham again at the earliest opportunity.

"Oh, he treated you kindly today, didn't he?" asked Isaacstein.

"Yes, most kindly."

"You don't drink, I suppose?" asked the other, sharply.

"No, I am only a boy of fifteen, and do not need stimulants."

He was favored with a sharp glance at this remark, but he looked over his shoulder again and again, and began to examine them, one by one. He knew that the action was tantamount to his companion, and that is why he did it. Isaacstein went to a sideboard and poured out a stiff glass of brandy. He swallowed it as an ordinary person takes an order.

"That's better," he said, returning to his desk. "Now we can get to those questions. Hand over the stones."

Phil did nothing of the sort.

"Why?" he inquired, bluntly. "You know all about them. You can hardly wait to examine them so frequently."

"Confound it!" cried Isaacstein, growing red with renewed impatience. "What more can I do than agree to your terms?"

"I asked you for an advance of fifty pounds. I said nothing about having the diamonds in your charge. Please listen to me. I make no unreasonable demands. If you wish to keep the stones now you must first write me a letter stating the agreement between us. If it is right, I will give you the diamonds. If it is not according to my terms you must alter it."

"Do you think I mean to swindle you?"

"I have no views on that point. I am only telling you what my conditions are."

Isaacstein sat back in his chair and regarded Phil steadily and with much curiosity as he could command to his aid. A ray of sunshine illuminated a bald patch on the top of his head, and the boy found himself gazing at the developments in the Jew's future life. The man, on his part, was looking to read the boy's invariable character, but the fifty of Phil's gaze at his disheveled crown disconcerted him again.

TUDOR TEA

IS DELICIOUS

IF TEN TIMES THE PRICE WAS CHARGED FOR IT WE COULDN'T PRODUCE A BETTER TEA

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I was wondering how you could look that you go to heaven. Where are they?" was the astounding reply.

For some reason it probably disturbed the Jew. He waited for a little while, and finally seemed to make up his mind, though he seemed perplexed. The dealer was not a bad man. In business he was noted for exceeding strictness combined with strict commercial honesty. But the case that now presented itself contained all the elements of temptation. No matter how clever this boy might be, he was but a boy, and opportunities for cheating him must arrive. If not he, Isaacstein, there were others. The boy possessed a large store, possibly a very large store, of rough goods, and he was dealing with them his agents could rub him with impunity. No in answer to an unguarded question, this extraordinary youth admitted that Isaacstein might merit several ideas. Such an eventuality had not occurred to the Jew himself during unrecalled years. Now that it was suggested to him it disturbed him.

"You imagine then that I may do fairly with you?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes. Why should you not?"

"You can earn more money than you ever made in this world by looking after my interests properly. If only you will believe this statement I will save you much future worry. I assure you."

"When you are earnest when you state that you have no abundance of stones like those in your hands?"

"No, no, Mr. Isaacstein, that you will have some trouble in finding them. I have diamonds as big—let me see—as big as an egg."

The wonder is that the Jew did not faint.

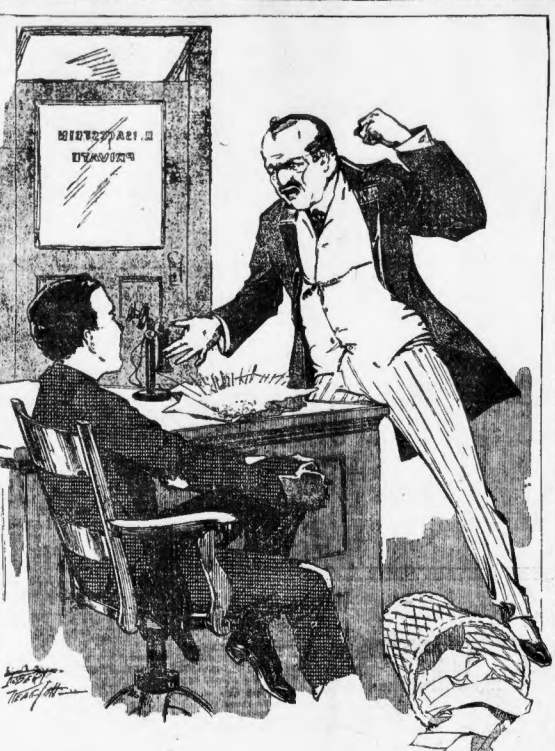
"My God!" he gasped. "Do you know what they are saying? Where are they, boy? You will be robbed, murdered for their sake. Where are they? Let me get them in some safe place. I will do it honestly by you. I swear it, by all that I hold sacred. But you must have them taken care of."

"They are quite safe; be certain of that. Rest my secret! I will not. I have been used to and imprisoned in my power. It is not likely I will yield now to your appetite."

Phil's face lit up with a strange light as this promise left his lips. The matter was his mother's request. She gave it to him, and she would safeguard it. Had she failed him? Was not all London ringing with the news of his fortune, yet what man or woman had discovered the whereabouts of this treasure. In his pocket he felt the great key of No. 2, Diamond's House, and he was as certain now that his hiding place was unknown as that his mother's spirit was looking down on him from heaven and directing his every movement.

A BIT OF NEWS.

The dealer, in spite of his great lack of compunction, was a decent fellow of spirituality in the boy's eyes. Phil had disturbed him, but he was, in a single another violent effort, and his shattered nerves into order.



"THAT'S BETTER," SAID ISAACSTEIN, RETURNING TO HIS DESK. "NOW WE CAN GET TO CLOSE QUARTERS. HAND OVER THE STONES." PHILIP DID NOTHING OF THE SORT.

THE SORT. "WHY?" HE INQUIRED, BLANDLY. "YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM. YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT TO EXAMINE THEM SO FREQUENTLY."

"CONFOUND IT!" CRIED ISAACSTEIN, GROWING RED WITH RENEWED IMPATIENCE. "WHAT MORE CAN I DO THAN AGREE TO YOUR TERMS?"

Would You Apply for the Job?

Thousands are trying the experiment every day in spite of the fact that physicians and government experts have proven:

- That the average cup of coffee contains about 2½ grs. of caffeine;
- That caffeine is attributed to be one of the principal causes of headache, biliousness, heart disease, indigestion and kidney, liver and bowel trouble;
- That caffeine in doses as small as that contained in two average cups of coffee has killed rabbits, guinea pigs and other animals at the laboratories of the Gov't in Washington and elsewhere.

To be sure a guinea pig or a rabbit may weigh but a pound or two, while the average human may weigh 100 times as much.

A few cups of coffee or a single cup (according to the resistance of the individual) will not kill, but the poison is there and can be added to day by day.

That's why so many coffee drinkers suffer from headache, dizziness, indigestion and other symptoms referable to the poison effect on heart, liver, nerves, kidneys and stomach.

If you know coffee has no bad effect in your particular case and you like it, why, bless your heart, stick to it, but if coffee drinking leaves its tell-tale mark by some symptoms of physical discomfort or peace of mind, it's a good idea to stop and use

POSTUM

This pure food-beverage, made of prime wheat and the juice of southern sugarcane, makes a rich, seal-brown blend turning to golden-brown when cream is added, which tastes much like real Oriental Java but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, "caffeine."

Postum comes in two forms. One, called Regular Postum, must be boiled full 15 minutes.

The other, Instant Postum, is in powder form and a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water makes the beverage instantly. Grocers keep both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

HOOD'S—THE SAFE MILK

At all collection points Hood's Milk is tested; at receiving points it is tested again; perfect pasteurization insures absolute freedom from infectious germs; sanitary bottling keeps it pure and clean and safe. It cannot but be—

Group of Hood's Milk Tasters

THE MOST PALATABLE MILK

(The only perfectly pasteurized milk sold in Greater Boston)

The expense of maintaining a corps of experts to enforce our standards is heavy, but we are proud of our record—during 67 years of continuous service not one case of disease has been traced to Hood's Milk.

IT COSTS NO MORE THAN UNSAFE MILK

Order of our Driver-Salesmen. Write or Telephone

H. P. HOOD & SONS

A PROFIT-SHARING BUSINESS

The Public Is Cordially Invited to Visit Any of Our Milk Depots

Telephone Charlestown 600—or the Nearest Delivery Point

"Information" will connect you



A Snappy Seasoning

It is necessary to the full enjoyment of a dinner.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Roasts, etc.

An Appetizer

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

The Sunday AMERICAN Guarantees Over 5,000 More Net Paid Circulation Than Any Other Boston Sunday Newspaper—and It's Growing Fast

The AMERICAN not only has the circulation supremacy in the Boston daily newspaper field, but its lead in the Sunday field is quite as commanding.

The Sunday AMERICAN GUARANTEES over 50,000 more NET PAID circulation than any other Boston Sunday newspaper.

Only three other Sunday newspapers in the United States—two in New York City and one in Chicago—equal in circulation the Boston Sunday AMERICAN.

And no Sunday paper here or elsewhere is growing more surely, steadily or rapidly.

The fact that yesterday the AMERICAN was the only Boston Sunday newspaper to make an advertising gain over last year is significant. It means that the business men of Boston are fast appreciating the circulation supremacy of the Sunday AMERICAN and the importance of appealing to this vast army of readers with their store news.

Yesterday's AMERICAN consisted of NINETY-EIGHT pages, every page of vital human interest to the people of Boston and New England. It was far and away the best newspaper from every standpoint, and that's why more people are reading it every Sunday.

We Have War ALWAYS in This Country

It is the War for Money, in Which a Man Is Maimed Every Nine Minutes of the Day, and Many Killed Every Hour.

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.)

Human beings notice sensational, exceptional, noisy things. The regular everyday things escape us.

There was a great howl when the French revolutionists, cleaning out a rotten system, disinfecting the filthy palaces and making France HUMAN, executed as examples some of the worst citizens.

Burke, even Carlyle, and the majority of the able, thinking men of earth were horrified because France, in destroying the horrors of centuries, took some ornamental, "noble" human lives.

Yet, while Burke was shrieking, and, as Fox said, seeing the plumage, but not the dying bird, they hanged, in England, for petty crimes caused by poverty a number of unknown poor devils equal to the number of "noble" men and women executed in France by the revolutionary government during the same period.

So, in this enlightened country, we are very much excited about a small war, like that with Spain, when cannon boom, big headlines appear—even on the old lady daily newspapers. We are much agitated about one or two gunners killed.

Nothing excites us like a battle and "sudden death" when the sudden death occurs in WAR.

But how little attention we pay to the real war, and the real battle, and sudden death, which go on in INDUSTRY, RAILROADING, MANUFACTURING, MINING.

Did you happen to read the testimony of William Lee, representing the Order of Railway Trainmen, before the Board of Arbitration in New York City?

It is interesting to hear a man testify under oath that "A member of the Brotherhood of Trainmen is killed every seven hours and fifteen minutes, and that every nine minutes a man is maimed."

And that is simply in ONE line of work.

Multiply that by all the other kinds of work. Add to the railroad men that are killed and maimed for life the men that work in phosphorus and die of "phosphy jaw," the men that work under air pressure in caissons and die of "the bends" in horrible agony; men killed by the damp and explosions in mines, men caught and killed by the machinery of factories, men that fall from high buildings and bridges—and the death and the maiming in hundreds of other directions—and you really have bloody war.

It is not necessary to take the testimony of the workers themselves.

The Interstate Commerce Commission of this country in its last report on June 30 declared that in the year THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE RAILROAD EMPLOYEES HAD BEEN KILLED.

Remember that of these thousands of deaths every year, a great many, the majority perhaps, were caused by the refusal of employers to adopt safety devices, which cost money.

Remember that of the deaths described as due "to the employer's negligence," many are due in reality to the fact that the employee has worked such long hours that his tired brain and body and nerves can no longer protect him against the danger of his labor.

We make a great patriotic toot about a half-dozen men killed in the war with Spain. It is a good idea to get excited about that.

But would it not be a good idea also to get excited about REAL war, the war of industry and commerce, in which thousands are killed every year, and in which men are maimed every minute of the day and killed every hour?

If we had a little war with some little country now, we would think nothing of spending fifty millions, a hundred millions or a thousand millions for the safety of soldiers engaged in that war.

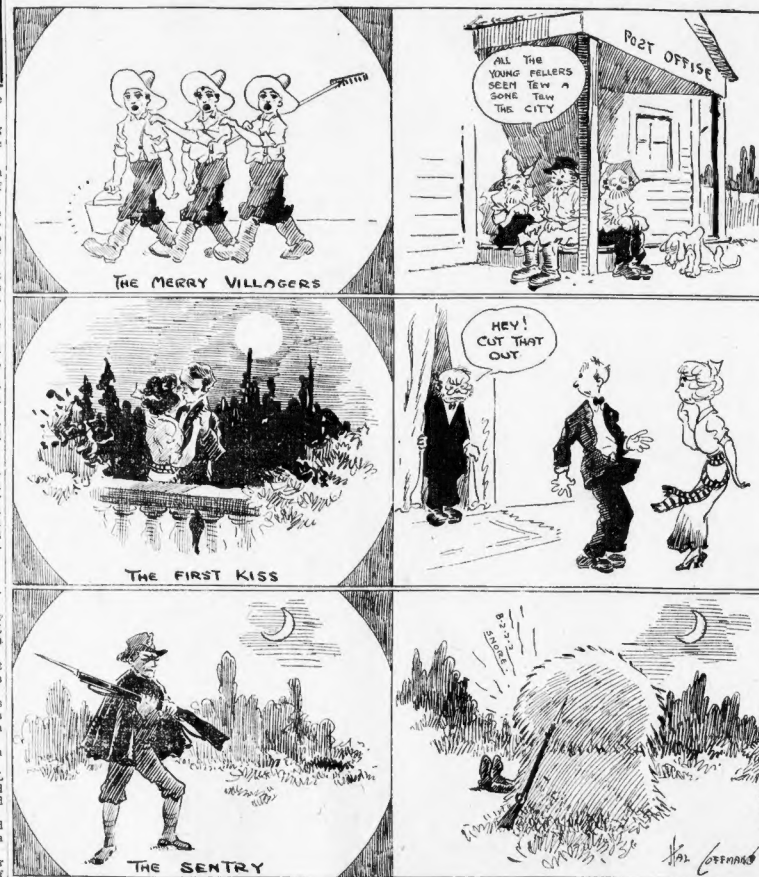
Wouldn't it be a good idea to spend a little money in this never ending war of industry that wipes out useful workmen in tens of thousands?

A Good Man and a Good Business Man--Dr. Lawrence Today Twenty Years a Bishop

Bishop Lawrence completes today twenty years as bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts.

As the successor of Phillips Brooks, he had to face many problems.

In "Reel" Life -- -- -- In Real Life



lems. Bringing to bear upon them his rare business judgment, he succeeded.

He has shown, above everything else, that the modern bishop must be a good business man. Never a man of visions, he has dealt with facts. One project at a time has marked his administration. After trying out one archdeaconry system, he makes another succeed from what he has observed.

When the diocese was divided and Western Massachusetts set apart, he did not move till all was clear for moving. Applying his business skill to business men, they could not fail to give. They gave \$100,000 for this.

He writes one hundred letters to business men in a business way

for \$100,000 for a suffragan bishop. He gets it in a short time.

When bishops adopt practical methods they become impressive in their request. Quietly and efficiently his projects have been carried out. One million of dollars has been applied wisely for a cathedral and no false steps have been taken with legacies.

It is for this executive ability and administration that the Episcopalians of Massachusetts are honoring him today, and business men like to see the clergy following methods that they know themselves are sure of success.

Besides all this, Bishop Lawrence has been for these twenty years a representative citizen, a leader of righteousness and an ardent

advocate of everything that will make a better Boston.

One Woman's Story

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

Chapter XXXIV.

W HEN Mary Fletcher's mother died the daughter spoke of the dead as "blessedly out of it all." As the

Winter wore itself away, the "all" meant more than she dared think. When she found her thoughts straying to the subject she looked at her child and checked them. For after her mother's death her husband drank more frequently and more deeply than ever—although he always took his liquor in the city and never at the Midbrook saloons. Often he would come home from town just intoxicated enough to be irascible and impossible to please.

He was in one of his worst moods when, on his return from town one evening in the late Winter, he handed Mary a letter he had brought from the village post office. For the Fletcheres to receive mail was an unusual occurrence nowadays.

Mary had not kept in touch with the friends she once had, and if Bert had any correspondence it was sent to his office. So, unless Mary's mother-in-law wrote to her—as she did infrequently—the receipt of an epistle was uncommon enough to make the wife look up in surprise when her husband returned with "Here's a letter for you, Mamie."

Her curiosity changed to another sensation as she saw on the envelope headed her Gordon Craigs well-remembered chirography. She did not notice the expression of concealed suspicion on her husband's face, but, with hands that trembled in spite of herself, she tore open the envelope and glanced hastily through the letter. It was not long, and the writer told her that, chancing to pick up a New York newspaper bearing a date of several months ago, he had seen the notice of Mrs. Danforth's death and had thus learned where her daughter was living. He wished to express his sincere sympathy. He, too, had known trouble. His wife had died last year, leaving him with a tiny daughter.

"You and I have both drunk deeply the cup of sorrow since last we met," he wrote. "When I think of what life holds in the way of suffering, I wonder if I am the same man whom you used to know."

The red and watery eyes glanced wildly into the steady ones fixed to them. The man was trembling with rage, but the wife, though pale, answered without wadding. "I have none."

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